UINED houses and abandoned Rambler when he comes upon these heaps of debris or deserted and decaying places that once were homes yields to a feeling of loneliness or sorrow, or at least to some notion that is anything but gay. Yet the cloud or spell that comes upon one the presence of these desolate places is not altogether unpleasant. It is a to burn down and for homes to decay. The people who lived there last are probably living farther up or down the ike, or they may have moved into another county, or, what is usual and likethey have "moved to the city" to try their fortune there and usually to have a harder lot than was theirs

to have a harder lot than was the fin the country.

You know that you may be thinking more sentiment about the heaps of brick and ash or the warped and rotting timber than the people are thinking who lived there, yet you cannot help doing it, probably because you do not want to help doing it. There is really a luxury in getting far away from other people and indulging in a little vein of happy melancholy. This state other people and indulging in a little vein of happy melancholy. This state of mind is not apt to last long if you are in good health, and the pleasure of conjuring up ghosts around these ruins will soon pall and you will gladly come oack to earth and to the city. However, it is hard not to fall to thinking that this bit of desolation was once called a home by men and women and that these walls and roof, if there is a roof, sheltered people who had their little ambitions and jealousies, their perplexities, disappointments and problems which seemed important at the moment but were trifles after all.





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